

A SERIOUS
MEDITATION
FOR 11602.e.4
SINNERS,

Which is set forth in several

Discourses,

Which passed between a Soul
at her departure, and the Members
of the Body.

In Three P A R T S.

By Edward Carrey.

Licensed according to Order.

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A Serious MEDITATION FOR SINNERS, &c.

Part I.

You that are in the Glory of your Prime,
Be sure that you make good use of your time;
For when time's past, you cannot it recal;
Time still runs on, it flays for none at all.

Do not serve Satan, shun his ill advise,
Because he will contrive for to intice
You in your Youth, to act those things that's ill,
And much displeasing to God's blessed will.

One sin there is which now I shall declare,
He does entice young Children for to swear,
Before some scarce have learn'd their A B C,
They'll Curse and Band; alas! more is the pitty.

It's to be doubted that their Parents they,
In wickedness do spend their time away;
For if that they in fear of GOD did live,
They would to them better instructions give.

Both Rich and Poor of your Children take care,
And don't allow them for to Curse and swear,
Lest they through your neglect be forc'd to mourn,
And Curse the hour wherein they was born. Be

Be careful to instruct them in their youth,
 To serve the Lord in Spirit and in truth,
 Allow them not to keep ill Company,
 For fear they come to shame and misery.

*Likewise you Children, in your Blooming Spring,
 Let not your disobedience sorrow bring,
 To fill your Aged parents hearts with woe;
 But unto them still due cordience show.*

*Honour your Parents do not them despise,
 Be always dutiful to them likewise,
 And don't run on against the Laws of GOD,
 For fear lest he should scourge you with his Rod.*

Let Young and Old, both Rich and poor amend,
 Their wicked lives and not so much offend,
 Your Gracious God who now's offended sore,
 Lest he forsake you, and ne'er own you more.

Oh what condition would that soul be in,
 That now s delighting and glorying in sin;
 If God should turn his glorious day to night,
 Who knows then where his Soul will take its flight.

Oh think on this in time both Rich and poor,
 Take care, and don't offend your God no more;
 That when God's pleis'd his messenger to send,
 You may prepared be, then for your end.

You that these Lines doth Read or hear I pray,
 Reform your Lives, and do not fool away
 Your dear and precious time in wickedness,
 If that you e'er do hope for heavens Bliss.

Part. II. *The Soul's Lamentation.*

I pray give ear unto the dismal state,
 Of one who was a wicked Reprobate:
 That when he came upon his bed to dye,
 His pretious soul was forc'd these words to cry ;
 Soul.

*Oh eyes! where are you now? who often was
 So quick and sharp on vanity to gaze,
 Come, come direct me now and be my guide?
 Unto some place where I my self may hide.*

Eyes.

Alas! dear soul, we cannot be thy guide,
 Therefore thy suit to us must be deny'd ;
 For we are dumb also, our strings are broke ;
 Our sight is gone, of it there is no hope.

Soul.

*Oh Ears! who oftentimes was wont to be,
 Much Recreated with sweet harmony
 Of Musick, which you always lov'd to hear,
 Likewise pleasant & scourse pleas'd you most dear,*

Ears.

*Oh! can you hear of any one now, who
 That can or will me any comfort show?
 No soul we can't hear no comfort for thee,
 Because our hearing's gone, and dull we be.*

Soul.

*Oh Tongue! Thou that would often brag and boast,
 And had such way of a daunting Discourse,
 Come speak up now for me with Courage bold,
 To take my part, and don't thy speech withhold.*

*You oftentimes would take God's Name in Vain;
 What is the cause you do your speech refrain?*

Alas

Alas! the tongue is dumb, and grown so weak,
That unto me it can no comfort speak.

Oh Hands! who that in War took such delight,
Who in your prime that was such hands to fight;
Come stir up now, put forth your strength for me,
E're I am lost to all eternity.

Hands.

Though formerly we were such hands of might,
Alas! poor soul! for thee we cannot fight;
We are grown feeble, and in such a case,
We cannot move our selves out of the place.

Soul.

Oh! feet, I'm in distress, can you help me?
Who that was wont so nimble for to be;
My case is bad, stand up for me therefore,
And carry me where I may be seen no more.

Alas! the feet are dead, and cold as Clay,
They can't stir to carry me hence away:
I now am helpless left, where can I flee,
To hide myself from Satan's tyranny?

Oh! filthy Carcass! Oh thou lump of sin!
Who hast always so vile; and wicked been;
I for the time which thou so illly spent,
Shall be kept in everlasting torment.

Alas! alas! I now shall forced be
From hence into a gulf of Misery,
In cruel torments for to make my moan,
Whilst happy souls rejoyce in Heaven's throne.

A Righteous man when he doth come to die,
He need not fear the sting of death, for why?

Because that he will be accompanied,
With Angels bright before that he is dead.

Who waits to take his Soul so soon as she,
Is separated then from his Body,
To carry her hence to Christ who that will say,
Thou art welcome soul unto Eternal Joy.

Part. III. Christ's Comfort to Sinners.

I Once did suffer Death upon the Cross,
I For to Redeem poor sinners that were lost;
With a bleeding heart for Sinners I did Groan,
I died for thee, come Soul thou art my own.

Thee for thy good works shalt partaker be,
Of Heaven's Crown with a blessed Company,
Of Saints and Angels that will thee surround,
With great Triumphant Joys when thee art Crown'd.

The glorious heavenly host shall thee attend,
Thy Joy and pleasures ne'er shall have an end;
Whilst wicked ones for sin in torments be,
Thee shalt have rest in paradise with me.

Now to Conclude, all you that do design,
Heaven for your deare souls, repent in time;
That when you come this mortal life to leave,
Christ Jesu may your precious Soul Receive.
The Esquires Trageay. *Tune of forgive me if your looks*
I thought.

O Fairest but unkindest she
that ever was admired,

To

To be so cruel unto me
 since you my heart have fired,
 Your looks to me did seem most kind
 when first I did behold you,
 But oh the torments of my mind,
 I oftentimes have told you.
 In thee I place my chiefest joy,
 I seek no other treasure,
 Then do not all my hopes destroy,
 who loves thee out of measure :
 Forbear to triumph in disdain,
 since here I lie and languish,
 True love is a tormenting pain,
 which fills my soul with anguish.
 The silent night I spend in tears,
 and melt in lamentation,
 And yet no glance of love appears,
 but utter dejection ;
 Regarding not my piteous moan,
 my sighs and sad lamenting,
 Your heart like flint or marble-stone,
 feel not the least relenting.
 Your beauty gave the fatal wound,
 and did at first allure me,
 In chains of love I now I'm bound,
 and you alone can cure me ;
 Cast not a loyal love away,
 who at your feet lies bleeding ;
 Unto my sight one smile convey,
 for which my tears are pleading.
 Why should a charming beauty bright,
 resolve to be so cruel,
 Let me not be ruin'd quite
 in love's destroying fuel ;

See how my eyes like fountains flow,
 with chryſtial tears before thee,
 Then do not ſeek his overthrow,
 who does this day above thee.
 Behold I am thy Captive ſlave,
 thy wounded love, beſeech me,
 And you alone my life can ſave,
 and therefore now requiere me,
 Yet tho' my grief you'll not remove,
 but ſtill with torments fill me,
 Yet I cannot forbear to love,
 although with ſcorn you kill me.
 If thus you are reſolv'd to frown,
 and ſlight my friendly ſavour,
 Then to the grave I will go down,
 farewel thou world for ever,
 I find the triumphs in diſdain,
 and ſtill denies the bleſſing ;
 Why ſhould I live to feel this pain,
 which is beyond expreſſing.
 This ſaid, his naked ſword he drew,
 and to his heart he ſent it,
 And as he bid the world adieu,
 he bitterly lamented,
 Crying, I was unfortunate,
 wou'd I had dy'd before him,
 Thus did he weep when 'twas too late,
 for tears could not reſtore him.

F I N I S.

